

THE OMEN

SC
99

C o n t e n t s

NEW YORK

1.5 Million and Counting.....	page 5	The Omen goes Teen-Beat.....	page 14
And You Thought HUD was a Bitch.....	page 5	Suck New York's Big Apple.....	page 16
(Insert Obvious Joke Here).....	page 7	Iggy Pop on a Budget.....	page 17
The Doctor is Out.....	page 9	Bitch Bitch Bitch.....	page 18
I'm Hot, Sticky Sweet.....	page 13	Highlights not for Children.....	page 19

NEW AMSTERDAM

Rodney King! Rodney King!.....	page 4	The Rage: Wade Returns.....	page 10
Bite my Bndoundou.....	page 6	Red is my Favorite Color.....	page 12
BOBsketball.....	page 7	Bacon Binge.....	page 15
Can't Find a Batter any Better.....	page 8	Sick and Raurus.....	page 20

The Omen

Volume 12, Number 1
April 1, 1999

Editors and Staff

Michelle Beach.....	Mon Mothma
Jacob Chabot.....	Figrin D'an
Mat Lauritsen.....	Max Rebo
Mark Hugo.....	Lobot
Jason Wilder Konschak.....	Zuckuss
Michael Pierce.....	Nien Numb
Jess VanScoy.....	Salacious Crumb
Dave Killen.....	Chief Chirpa
Wade Stuckwisch.....	Weequay
Aemily Reshen.....	Droopy McCool
Gareth Edel.....	Bib Fortuna
Tyler Carey.....	Porkins
Gus Andrews.....	Jar Jar Binks

Contributors

Jeff Barnett
Catharine BellWetterwoth
Brady Burroughs
Gabriel McKee
Mark Samuels
Brendan Tamillo

"Get the dust-
bunnies, weiner
dog."

-Norm MacDonald in
The Norm Show



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (G-112, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Michelle Beach (B-304, x4472). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely **non-partisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

EDITORIAL

Up in the Air, Junior Birdmen!

by Michelle Beach

Kites. I really miss kites. I haven't flown one in a long time. I haven't even seen one flying in a long time.

The scene at the end of *Mary Poppins* always makes me very happy. It's so nice to see all of the kites flying in the sky and the smiles on everyone's faces. I know it's only a movie, but seeing a kite in the sky really does make me smile.

During Hampshire's first year, the First Annual Kite Flying Day was held. Though I'm not sure if more were held after that, the pictures I saw of the first were amazing. It looked wonderful, so many kites flying in the sky. There were people everywhere — student, faculty, staff, family, and little kids (the campus was crawling with little kids). All were smiling and happy. It looked like true community.

Everyone says that the type of community Hampshire had during those early years was so much greater than it is now. But I'm not sure that it's true. Old Community Council records show that the lack of community was a very important topic even in the early days of the school.

Looking at current cycles

surveys show that Hampshire students are more happy, so much more happy with the sense of community here than students at any of the other Five Colleges.

Maybe there is the perception that community is lacking at Hampshire. But if we step back and really look hard at what we have, I think that we would find that we already have a great deal of what we are looking for. Students are on a first name basis with faculty and staff. Everyone knows each other. There is a feeling of respect for others and criticism is freely given and accepted. All-community events draw large crowds.

It is possible that there can never be truly enough community on campus. If that is the case, then we should revive kite flying day and other activities that draw people together. Faculty and staff need to participate.

But community isn't always fun. Sometimes the best ways to encourage community are to take part in the boring awful things that are also a large part of it. Search committees for new members of the faculty and staff are very important for students to take part in. Going to lectures and participating in class

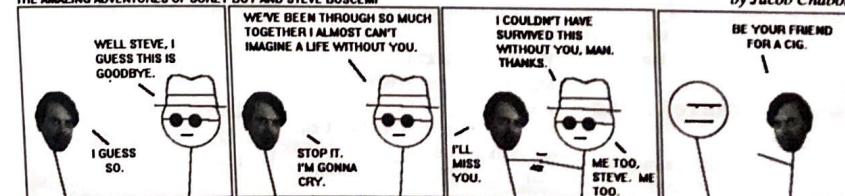
are also ways to build community.

This campus is not only a community of students, but also of faculty and staff. In order to build a true community, students need to take part in events that are important to faculty and staff, and faculty and staff need to take part in events important to students.

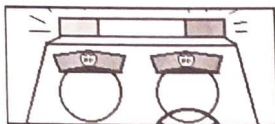
A stronger community is not something that can be created over night. But we can work towards that goal. There are plans for reviving Kite Flying Day. If you are interested in helping — events don't plan themselves — contact Katie Tame, the Elections and Information Committee Chair. Even if there isn't a day to fly kites, we should start to build community in other small ways like inviting faculty and staff to take part in student events and being part of searches or governing bodies on campus — there are positions for students on all of them.

Editor's Note: I would like to apologize for the deaths so many Iraqi children that this article has caused. I intended no harm to them by the composition of this article and wish to offer my sincere apologies to their families.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND STEVE BUSCEMI



by Jacob Chabot



POLICE LOG!

March 2 - March 22

Disturbance

Mar. 12, 1:43 a.m.: Merrill; individuals moving picnic tables spoken with
Mar. 13, 12:06 a.m.: Merrill; prank phone call

Vandalism

Mar. 10, 9:40 a.m.: Dakin student lot; motor vehicle vandalized, 4 slashed tires

Motor Vehicle Stop

Mar. 3, 8:45 a.m.: 4 Corners; speeding violation—operator spoken with
Mar. 8, 2:34 p.m.: M/D Student Lot; spoke with operator about reckless driving
Mar. 15, 1:23 a.m.: Library Circle; speeding violation—operator spoken with
Mar. 16, 6:33 p.m.: Back Gate; speeding violation—operator spoken with

Motor Vehicle Tow

Mar. 3, 9:09 a.m.: Film and Photo; vehicle towed from F/C lot
Mar. 9, 2:05 p.m.: Enfield Circle; vehicle towed
Mar. 11, 12:55 a.m.: Arts Village; vehicle towed—on tow list
Mar. 19, 5:10 a.m.: Prescott; vehicle moved—no tow
Mar. 21, 2:50 p.m.: Merrill; vehicle towed from fire lane

Motor Vehicle Accident

Mar. 6, 5:15 p.m.: Farm Center; vehicle skidded off road

Mar. 10, 10:05 a.m.: Rear entrance; 2 PVTAs had minor accident West Bay Road
Mar. 12, 10:07 a.m.: Tennis Courts; minor motor vehicle accident

Liquor Law Violation

Mar. 12, 1:06 a.m.: Merrill; wine confiscated—minor in possession

Larceny

Mar. 3, 4:40 p.m.: Dakin; bicycle stolen from bike rack—recovered
Mar. 5, 3:45 p.m.: Library; bicycle stolen
Mar. 7, 6:05 p.m.: Merrill; bicycle stolen C-3 hall—recovered
Mar. 8, 1:15 p.m.: Merrill; personal items missing from bathroom
Mar. 10, 2:30 p.m.: Enfield; backpack reported stolen

Disorderly Person

Mar. 7, 5:49 p.m.: Prescott; person upset over ticket

Suspicious/Unwanted Person

Mar. 7, 6:17 p.m.: Art Barn; unable to locate individual
Mar. 8, 12:58 p.m.: Library Lounge; person escorted off campus
Mar. 9, 2:10 p.m.: Library; person escorted from campus

Fire Alarm

Mar. 4, 6:33 a.m.: Dakin; cooking smoke
Mar. 8, 3:30 p.m.: Children Center; cooking smoke
Mar. 15, 12:28 a.m.: Greenwich;

burnt candle holder

Mar. 15, 3:32 p.m.: Dakin; cooking smoke

Mar. 18, 12:01 a.m.: Dakin; marijuana smoke—J-1

Mar. 19, 10:06 a.m.: Merrill; House Office cooking smoke

Mar. 21, 7:19 p.m.: Greenwich; cooking smoke—apt. 20

Intrusion Alarm

Mar. 2, 12:29 p.m.: F&PH; accidental
Mar. 7, 5:50 p.m.: RCC; accidental
Mar. 18, 6:56 a.m.: RCC; accidental
Mar. 19, 3:31 a.m.: Admissions; cat in building

Transport

Mar. 21, 12:40 a.m.: Amherst Center; students transported to campus
Mar. 21, 6:30 p.m.: Dakin; student on crutches assisted
Mar. 22, 12:35 a.m.: ASH; student on crutches assisted

Noise Complaints

Mar. 2, 1:15 a.m.: Prescott
Mar. 5, 12:13 a.m.: Dakin; G-1 lounge
Mar. 5, 12:35 a.m.: Prescott
Mar. 5, 3:02 a.m.: Dakin; re E-3
Mar. 6, 1:59 a.m.: Merrill; re B-3
Mar. 6, 11:44 p.m.: Enfield
Mar. 12, 12:45 a.m.: Merrill; loud music re B-4 (lowered)
Mar. 12, 2:49 a.m.: Prescott
Mar. 21, 11:59 p.m.: Merrill; re A-3 no problem

Animal

Mar. 22, 1:22 p.m.: FPH; report of sick skunk

continued on the next page

If You Care About Where You Live ...

by Michelle Beach

A while ago at Hampshire, it became necessary to double the double rooms on campus. Enrollment went up and these rooms were needed to house students. This caused quite an uprising on campus. Students revolted and complained that they were not involved in the process. In the end, they were unsuccessful and the doubles were redoubled. Things might have been different had more students taken part in the decision.

Students have always been invited to participate in the formation of housing policy. Unfortunately, they do not always do so. This lack of interest allows important changes to be made without a fair representation of the campus. Currently, there is a Housing Advisory Committee that meets every other week to advise in housing decisions. However, this committee has few consistent members. Because of this, a great deal of housing policy was changed this semester by a committee with very few members.

Important changes in the housing process that are already in place include:

- If a mod loses quorum after the Combine and Squat deadline, the residents of that mod will not be allowed to squat in that mod the following semester.
- There will be no authorized single-doubles.
- There is now a simple application process for anyone wanting to live in special interest housing.
- Anyone who does not sign a room contract or checks out improperly will receive a minimum charge of \$25 and cannot contest any charges.
- Unreturned keys will result in a \$15 re-core and a \$15 replacement charge per key.
- At the end of the fall semester mod residents must input students returning from leave first. Dorm residents can be listed as alternates and must fill out a Mod Wait List form.

Other changes on the agenda for future meetings include discussion of the meal plan and the possibility of an all mod lottery every spring.

If you care about your living situation, take part in the discussion concerning it. To join HAC, talk to Linda Mollison in the Housing Office.



Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,
Every time I hear the word "community," I will kill an Iraqi child.

Quite sincerely,
Gabriel McKee

Police Log Continued

Special Services

Mar. 2, 12:29 p.m.: Prescott; assisted with access
Mar. 3, 10:03 a.m.: NYBC parking lot; assisted person locked out of vehicle
Mar. 3, 9:19 p.m.: Library Circle; assisted person locked out of vehicle
Mar. 7, 8:50 p.m.: Dakin; request to check on student—found OK
Mar. 16, 8:52 a.m.: FPH Lot; student assisted—lock out of car
Mar. 16, 1:40 p.m.: Dakin; parent concerned about son—no problem
Mar. 18, 10:00 p.m.: Enfield; parent concerned about daughter—all OK
Mar. 19, 10:13 a.m.: Prescott; student locked out—assisted
Mar. 19, 11:00 a.m.: Off-campus; wheelchair returned to CDH

Drug Abuse Violation

Mar. 12, 1:12 a.m.: Merrill; confiscated drug paraphernalia
Mar. 12, 2:55 a.m.: Prescott; confiscated drug paraphernalia



by Jason "Wilder" Konschak

Dear Hamsters,
This is Dr. Wilder. I'm calling out from the Strange Land of the Bndoundous. Here at the campfire, enjoying the happy fungus that grows on the dark wheat, I feel I should call out and lay some cosmic truth on y'all. But, I'm dictating all this into the *Omen* answering machine, and my cell-phone irks the Bndoundou Totem God, so I haven't got the time (to tell you God is just animism's personification of the Universe).

On the other hand, what I can do is try to explain why I'm here in the Wonky Land of the Bndoundous, and sneak preview the crunchy wows I'll be unfolding in future issues.

The number one reason I'm still here, (in the Whack Land of the Bndoundous), is I'd rather epoxy a rabid rat to my face than return to that rotten fink of a college after Spring Break. Div I's? Books to read? Shovin'? Lovin'? Hot Buns, straight from the oven? Fuck that shit, man! There's a bomb on the bus. Fuck that shit right up a chimney spout!

Disenchanted, like the masses, I've come to the wilderness to find some center to my silly-putty soul. In the Bndoundou Tribe, where the venom of the Eastern Bndoundou is a hardcore ceremonial hallucinogen, I've discovered and dreamed things that would make your head unzip.

"What you mean you, stupid fucking white man?"

Upon arriving here, I was accepted into the Bndoundou people. I had an AOL account, and they really love chat-rooms. Chief Tootintowo even bestowed me with an honorable

Page 6 volume 12 number 5

Just Enjoy the Words

Bndoundou name, Winkachunka. Tootintowo means "Sleep of a Thousand Sleeps." Winkachunka means, "Always Makes People Scream." Of course, with Fortune Cookies and Indian Names, I always add, "In Bed" to the end, just for shits and giggles. "Always Makes People Scream ... In Bed." Hehehehehe. "Sleep of a Thousand Sleeps ... In Bed." Mwehehehehe Chief Tootintowo funny. He no personality.

You're probably asking yourself, what the hell is a Bndoundou, anyhow?

Fact: the Bndoundou is the world's rarest flying rodent. It looks like a hamster, with a long pointed nose, and cute fuzzy wings under its arms. They fly in swarms, calling out beautifully, "Bndoun dou dou dou! Bndoun dou dou dou!" Then, they dive-bomb a gazelle. Their poisoned noses pierce its flesh. They bring the beast down. They feast voraciously. They're nasty little devils ... but so cute. I think Hampshire College should adopt the Eastern Bndoundou Flying Hamster as its official mascot.

Tootintowo earnestly agrees.

But, why why why why why am I here in the first place? Why would high-class city-cruiser Dr. Wilder come to the savage land of kamikaze fuzz-balls? "I'll tell you what, suckah. If you want to be as sane and well adjusted as me, Winkachunka of the Bndoundou Tribe, you gotta listen here." I'll tell you why! To save the Div-III system at Hampshire College!

If there's anything Hampshire lacks in the wide world of marketing, it's a bad-ass image. Hamp-

shire needs to be seen as a hell-raising, rebel school, taking on the world, goddammit. But the sad thing is its Div III's (the crowning jewel of its mad regime) are small, unambitious, polite. I don't say "bad." They're wonderful. Beautiful. Lovely. But they aren't *bad-ass*.

Let me give you an example, so you can grasp the crux of my gist: those who concentrate in politics – and what do they do for their astonishing Div-III? A report? A performance? A class? A protest? **FUCK THAT SHIT MAN! We should be taking on the world!**

If you're taking World Power and Authority classes, then you should be required to invade a country and set up your own government. Power and Authority concentrators should be ganging up with engineering concentrators to build big A-Team-style tanks, covered with super-clever artillery. Hell – let some video and film students make propaganda for the new political system. And let the Hampshire activists form groups and protest the takeover. Let them send aid to the conquered people. It's all covered.

Dig?

And, when the Div III has proven that it can hold power and quell the people, it's time for the next year's Div III's to take over! All someone has to do is start the damn cycle. Am I right?

So, don't tell the Chief ... because I'm here to take him down.

Hampshire College:
We Kick Peasant Ass (and Still Care About The Little People).

Basketball with Bob

by Dave Killen

So, Bob Sanborn is no more. After a brief, but memorable tenure, at Hampshire "It Looks Good on Paper" College, "Dr." Bob has decided to call it quits. Or, at least, that's what I've heard from a few exuberant members of the Hampshire community who will remain nameless (at least until later in the *Omen*, I would venture to guess). The official reasons for his departure remain dubious to this reporter, but other reasons, less official but no less valid, have become apparent. I will attempt to explain these reasons in what is perhaps their most fitting form: a short narrative, consisting of various forms of misused poetry. I have titled it "Basketball with Bob."

Basketball with Bob

(sonnet)

One night in the RCC long past,
A gathering of great athletes was held.
To decide once and for all the true best
Three-on-three team that Hampshire could field.

Among them was the mighty Bob Sanborn
A man to whom basketball was sacred
A fierce beast on the court, he fouled more
Than a player with three arms and no head.

When my team met his it was all too clear
That blood would inevitably be shed
I drove the ball toward the hoop in high gear
And "Doctor" Bob Sanborn lunged for my head.

As my lawyers started to do their shit
Dr. Bob figured it was time to quit.

SHAKEN, not STIRRED

(haiku)
Doctor Bob hit me
I landed with a loud thud
he: "no blood, no foul."

(limerick)
There once was a man at Hampshire
Who was annoying as all Hell, for damn sure.
He decided to quit
'Cause he got so much shit

And got a job at some other school, where the faculty
and students have better things to worry about than
someone like him quitting (or holding his position, for
that matter), and **he was just as annoying there, but to just as little consequence as he was here.**

And here's a random limerick I wrote in 7th grade:
There once was a pilot named Nick
While flying he hit the wrong stick
The engines went dead
The plane dropped like lead
And on the way down, Nick got sick.

The moral of the story is that if Dr. Bob is going to leave Hampshire, it's probably more because of his shameless display of disregard for the well being of his fellow community members on the basketball court than whatever official reasons he and the school give for his departure. Regardless, he will soon be ridin' on that jet plane, perhaps piloted by a man named Nick, and the basketball courts at the RCC will be safe for the community to frolic on once again.

Gratuitous Plug

Submit to *PolyLingus*! We're Hampshire's literary and arts magazine for all genres. Send us your poetry, fiction, cartoons, photos, illuminated manuscripts, comics, illustrations, song lyrics, musical notations, scripts, screenplays, computer code text, laban notations of dances, and all other artistic creations, in English or any other language. **We want to have as much of the variety of Hampshire's creativity as we can.** The only requirements are that the work be two-dimensional and black and white. Submit to us, it's fun! Send stuff in by April 2nd to Box 315, 568, or 812. Or call Catharine at x4415.



The Waffle King

Part Three: Susanna

by Michael "Benni" Pierce
In Part Two: The Yurt, Brendan, wearing a cloak that he had killed an old shopowner for, trapped himself in the Hampshire College Yurt after burning the hand of a fellow student in a waffle iron. Two days later, Susanna Murphy, the only woman on campus that Brendan cared for, came to the Yurt to see how Brendan was. Knowing she had waffles in her hands for him, Brendan let her in...

"Thank you Brendan. Thank you," she muttered as she stepped inside. The Yurt was warmer than normal, and she noticed an eerie smell beginning to gestate in the walls. It would have been more noticeable if it wasn't for the waffles.

"The door slammed briskly behind her. Brendan had wanted to make sure no one else was there, watching her, attempting to ambush him when she had properly distracted him. He would have to be careful. Of course, eating came first.

"Thank you for the waffles, Susanna. That was very kind of you. No one else but security and professors have come to see me here. I've gotten quite lonely and hungry." She handed him the waffles and then sat down on the bench next to him.

"What made you lock yourself up in here, Brendan?" she asked, staring at him as he hungrily devoured one of the waffles whole. "Uhhh... well, it's a long story. If I had to sum it up, I would have to say that it is because of this cloak. It's a very nice cloak, but it came at a very steep price. Go ahead, feel it - it doesn't mind at all. Go ahead." Susanna reached out for the dense fabric and found it foul to the touch.

"I don't see what you mean Brendan. It seems old and ratty to me." Brendan jumped up, throwing the waffles down. "One more comment about the

cloak, and I will have to ask you to leave. This cloak is the only thing that has gotten me through this. By putting it down, you put me down, understand?"

"Yes. I'm sorry Brendan. I only meant -" There was another silence as Susanna's voice faded.

"Please. It doesn't matter now. Make yourself comfortable. We've never talked that much in the past."

Susanna didn't move, but smiled a bit more comfortably now. Brendan continued, "I have a small confession to make, and since I may never see you again, I am not afraid to tell you that you are the most attractive creature I have ever seen." The comment took Susanna by surprise, and she blushed. Brendan smiled, and proceeded to stuff the rest of a waffle into his mouth.

"Thank you... I guess. That is very sweet of you." Brendan shifted his position, and then continued, "If the group hadn't disbanded, I'm sure that I would have asked you out sooner or later. I feared you then, but now, the only thing I fear is death." Susanna's face suddenly grew dark.

"Brendan. Look, there is still a chance for that. You see, I'm also here as a messenger. I've heard some bad things on campus along with your daily reports. That guy whose hand you burned is not happy at all. I overheard him telling all of his buddies that he would get back at you one way or another. I don't know exactly what he meant, but I thought maybe the news would convince you to give yourself over to the authorities. They can get you help."

"If they were able to cure my 'sickness,' would you be willing to go out with me sometime? Would there be

a life waiting for me when I left the loony bin other than that of pain and avoidance?

You see, I don't believe there is much of a future left for me. If I had a reason to live, maybe I would consider leaving peacefully. Do you see what I mean?" Susanna shook her head.

"Yes Brendan, I understand." She looked around the Yurt for a moment, and then continued, "And if it will help you get out of here, I would be willing to go out with you as soon as you get a clean bill of health from the college."

"Do you really mean that?" asked Brendan, surprised by the sincerity of her comment.

"Yes. I do. Please, come back to the dorm with me. Then, we will get you some help and work everything out. Okay?" Brendan considered her words for a moment more deeply. What she said to him seemed like a dream come true. However, did she really mean them, or was this some trap set up by the school? He couldn't be sure either way.

"I'm afraid that it's not okay. You see, I'm still having a small problem believing you. You seem in earnest about what you say, but maybe not exactly about what you feel. If you truly respect me and my decisions at this moment, you may rest assured in this: If I am not interfered with for the next two days, then I will abandon the Yurt slowly, walk back to my room, and call Health Services from there. If there is any sort of attempt made by the school to incarcerate me, then this shall become my permanent resting place. Do

continued on next page

Peace Out, Dr. Bob!

by Bren Tamilio

Friday afternoon, I woke up a little later than usual to a phone call I was not anticipating. The caller had two bits of information to share: 1) I was late for class 2) Dean of Students Bob Sanborn officially announced his resignation at the end of the semester.

I peered out my little window, and, as if it were a message from God, Allah, Zoroaster or some other sublime entity, the clouds parted, the sun smiled warmly upon the campus, and once again Hampshire was the glorified summer camp I fell in love with when I was a high school punk reading Admissions Propaganda.

Ahh. I went to class, not because I wanted to, but because I had to. I spent the hour thinking about two things, really: 1) Who else knew about this? Was it really official? Was he going to have a press conference or something? Would anyone attend a "Peace Out, Dr. Bob" Party if I made invitations? 2) It was too good of a day - how could I leave class tactfully? Do I really need to know how to create a ring buffer in memory, or can I just skip it?

I coughed. I feigned some sort of bowel obstruction and made like I was headed for the bathroom. Instead, I darted down the back stairs and outside. A cigarette later, I found myself in front of the Harold F. Johnson Library. Student revellers were there dancing and singing and jumping and hugging and cheering.

Dean Sanborn's impending departure was not quite self-evident to me until one of the revellers shared a story of corroboration from a senior administrator. The student had asked him about Sanborn's departure, to which the distinguished administrator replied:

"Well, if I don't cough, he's gone." He didn't cough, by the way.

And really, there's nothing to cough about. This is almost serious stuff. Bob Sanborn is stepping down from the throne of Student Affairs. Allegedly, he is accepting a position at a college in Oklahoma as a Vice President.

I was unable to reach Sanborn, nor anyone else in Student Affairs on Friday. It was probably too nice of a day to make the Student Affairs support staff sit inside and answer a deluge of questions from confused members of the community, or

continued from previous page
you understand?

"Yes, I do. I don't quite agree with your decision, but there is nothing I can do about it. I will inform the school as soon as I get back. Please be careful. Please, take care of yourself." As she leaned closer

to him, her voice became soft as velvet, and she kissed him on the cheek.

"Immediately following this, she pulled away and walked out the door. Brendan watched her figure as it disappeared into the trees. Then he went over

maybe it was just too nice of a day.

Instead though, I've captured some of the quips and quotes other students shared with me about Sanborn's departure. *What do you think about Dr. Bob Sanborn's resignation from the Office of Student Affairs?* I asked. Here were some of the replies:

"I think his leaving is a good thing for the school and I think that his leaving will bring new life to Student Affairs, which was becoming too monolithic for its role here at Hampshire." - Duran Goodyear (F96)

"I really don't care. I honestly don't have any idea who he is. I've heard his name, but I don't really know what he does, so, it's like, whatever." - Liz Rauch (F97)

"I was not aware of him being a bad guy, but it has been explained to me [by other students] that the long extensive fingers of Student Affairs have infiltrated all aspects of student life outside of academics." - Kazuhiro Ohashi (F97)

"I don't care. He never did anything to me; who gives a shit."
- Mark Hugo (F97)

"One aspect of Dr. Bob's job was to be an advocate for the students. During his tenure he has (to my knowledge) never sided with the students. As an individual he may be great, but as an advocate for the students, I see him as a failure." - Gareth Edell (F95)

"You know, I really don't know why everyone hates him... I really don't care..." - Jessica VanScoy (F98)

"Dr. Bob will no doubt loom as one of the greatest figures Hampshire College has ever produced. His work for the community and for the Hampshire ideal will no doubt be sorely missed by one and all. In my many years at Hampshire, I have had the pleasure of being associated with three Deans of Students, and the prior two, and I am sure the subsequent many, could not hold a candle to Doctor Robert Sanborn." - Paul Boyer (F93)

Most of the other responses I received fell into the "I don't really give a shit, Bren" category. Let it be known now (Mat Lauritsen) that I concur: It's a big fat load of whatever.

Peace out, Dr. Bob; and may even more student apathy be bestowed upon your successor.



by Wade Stuckwisch

BUFFALO '77—A SCREEN-PLAY BY WADE STUCKWISCH. Scene 1: a bus pulls into the terminal in downtown Buffalo. Instead of a Bluebird bus carrying Vinnie Gallo fresh from Attica, it's a Greyhound bus carrying me fresh from the first half of my third spring semester. I don't run off the bus searching for an open bathroom; I step calmly into the terminal and look for my father. Vinnie Gallo may be the child of the last year the Bills won the championship, 1966; my year was 1977, the year of the blizzard.

Flash back to three days earlier. It's Friday, campus has closed and it's time to head out for a hearty Chinese buffet and a tropical drink in a skull-shaped mug. Now the movie watching begins...

The Rage: Carrie 2 — Well, that was utterly pointless. And they misquoted Johnny Rotten. Next...

Rushmore — Arriving home, a quick survey of the local art house circuit produced nothing too exotic or interesting. However, one theater was thankfully still showing *Rushmore* for two shows a day, a movie which never even fucking made it to this area. Luck was with me.

I really enjoyed *Rushmore*. It was a pretty offbeat concept (an ego-driven high school playwright falls in love with a teacher), but I really liked the characters. Bill Murray is great as a cuckolded, aging industrialist. I felt the love, I felt

Navy Grog and Thirty Screen Multiplexes

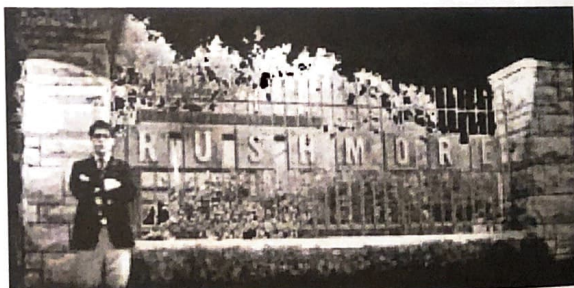
the angst, I dodged the explosions (well, not really.) This movie might be a little odd for your tastes, but if you like movies like say *Harold and Maude* you'll like *Rushmore*.

Hmm, didn't I say I was going to retire from the Omen after seeing *Rushmore*? Eh, maybe I won't. This is too much fun. Sorry to toy with your emotions like that. If it's any comfort, looks like all my Oscar picks were completely off, except for Best Actor, Best Actress, and Best Original Screenplay. (And Best Foreign Film, but that was beyond obvious.) My mistake — I should've checked my Oscar history and I never should have discounted Spielberg. But who foresaw Shakespeare in Love winning Best Picture? **Ach, I am an egotistical horse's ass, and the evidence is in print. Shame on me.**

Affliction — Speaking of being a horse's ass, I'm sorry I previously discounted this film so badly. I

thought it was spotty, but it had some incredibly gut-wrenching moments. Nick Nolte is a divorced dad and a small town sheriff. James Coburn is his alcoholic, abusive father. Nick Nolte is prone to over-acting but James Coburn is fucking amazing. He is my new god. No wait, Stanley Kubrick is god. I guess that means James Coburn must be Jesus. If you like depressing movies, you're a sick puppy. And you'll enjoy this. I did.

Life Is Beautiful — Well, it was a fun little romp until everyone got taken to Auschwitz... What do you say about a film like this? It starts as a romantic comedy set in World War II fascist Italy and ends as a family drama in a Nazi death camp. It's about love in the face of hatred, and a father telling his son that the Holocaust is a game, in the hope that his son will survive. All in all, I think it's about how human life is beautiful, even when those lives are terrible. But I can't pretend I can explain this whole movie. It would be like explaining away the entire Ho-



Life is Beautiful

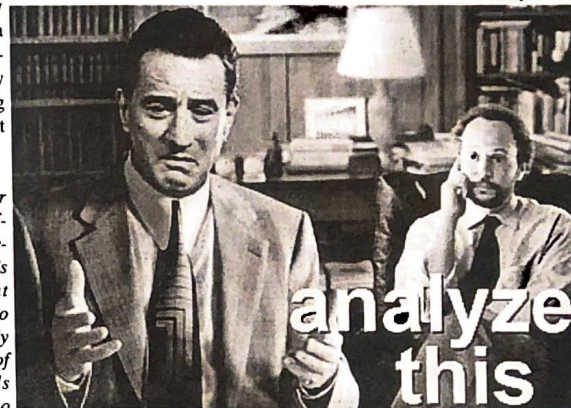
locaust, it's just not possible. Well, I don't know what else to say, other than Roberto Benigni is da bomb diggity.

Analyze This — It was really funny. There were a few too many psychiatrist jokes for my taste, but Robert DeNiro and Billy Crystal are hilarious together, as is the rest of the cast. This movie also backs up my theory that Lisa Kudrow is actually pretty cool as long as she's not on *Friends*.

Four days in Buffalo, four movies. There's just not that much else to do, especially when most of your friends are going to school outside the area, or else they're in class all week. Oh well. I enjoyed the chance to kick back and see some movies for once, with the convenience of a car for transportation. *Saturday night I ended my sojourn in my homeland and caught a bus for Albany, where I met an old high school friend in Troy. What did we do that night? You guessed it, more movies...*

EdTV — I'm proud to say that I'm reviewing a movie which might still be in theatres when you read this. First off, this movie is absolutely not *The Truman Show*. Second, this movie was great. I can't say there was a whole ton of intellectualism or smart social com-

mentary, but there was a really enjoyable movie about a bunch of really sympathetic characters. Everyone in this movie is great — Woody Harrelson as Ed's older brother, Martin Landau as his stepdad, Jenna Elfman as his brother's girlfriend, Ellen DeGeneres as the TV producer, and of course Matthew McConaughey as Ed, the loser



whose life goes on live TV as the producers hope he crashes and burns. I thought the characters were realistic without ever becoming stereotypical, which was impressive. If you like to enjoy movies, go see this. Happy ending guaranteed.

Cruel Intentions — When I saw previews for *Cruel Intentions*, I actually thought it looked like a pretty interesting idea. Then I heard that it was based on the same book as *Dangerous Liaisons*. If you've seen *Dangerous Liaisons* (and you should) you've been ruined for this movie. There's actually a couple good twists on the whole love/revenge/power trip of *Dangerous*

Liaisons. Unfortunately, the dialogue sounds like it was written by a horny seventh-grader and the music sounds like it was composed by a high-schooler with a keyboard. I'm impressed that the three main stars (Sarah Michelle Gellar, Ryan Phillippe, and Reese Witherspoon) could deliver the Beavis and Butthead dialogue like Shakespeare. See *Dangerous Liaisons* instead, unless you like bad movies. And no, there's no full frontal nudity (ya pedophiles) and Ryan Phillippe's butt, if you care. Perverts.

Sometimes I get sick to death of ripping apart every movie I see, but I guess it's a symptom of film school. It would be nice to see a movie some time and just say "I liked it" or "I didn't like it," instead of thinking, "What an awful screenplay," "The acting was good," "The producers were targeting..." etc. Am I pretentious? I suppose I did start this article with an obscure reference to Buffalo '66... And what's all this crap with the italics anyway? Ach, you always become what you hate. Well, time for me to fade off into the sunset. Happy trails...

NEXT ISSUE: Eat your heart out, Ed Wood... it's time for *The Mod Squad!*

Kiss, My Love, the Lips Which Do Not Speak

by Jess Van Scoy

Having missed the Vagina Monologues and the chance to describe what my vagina would wear and say if it were to do animate things, I decided that I should do yet another *Omen* investigative report for all of you. Upon returning from Spring Break (which I must say was a helluva lot better than Winter Break), I happened to see, among the millions of smut titles in the campus store, an advertisement for an erotic writing workshop with Cecilia Tan. **It was mixed amongst such books as the Cunt Coloring Book (which I must say would be really fun if it didn't use up all of my red crayons)** and the *Erotic Way* (a book full of fantasies that comes with its own tying cord, candle, and feather). Call me . . . oh, I don't know . . . NORMAL—but I have never needed these things in the past and I don't think I will ever want them in my future. But since I am dedicated to my public, I swallowed my pride, uncovered my ears and not-so-virgin eyes, and got ready to do something I never thought I would do: write erotica.

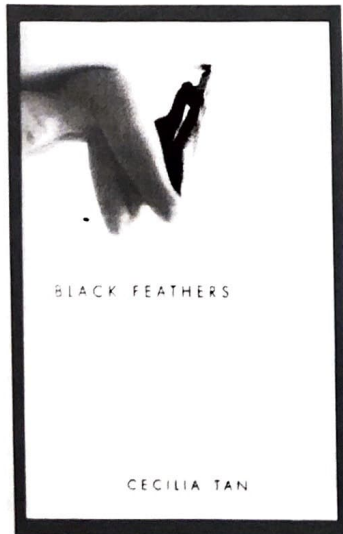
It started out OK. We came in and sat down . . . debated whether or not the cookies that were served were from SAGA or not. Cecilia Tan introduced herself and passed out information on how to publish your erotic writing. There were some Do's and

Don'ts that went with publishing your work, such as: "Don't send erotic stories that have no science fiction or magical element. (So, you have to be a Magic fan, *too*?) Don't send sf/f stories that don't have a lot of actual sex in them . . . Don't send stories where the sex takes place "off camera," (and my personal fave . . .) Don't fall into any of the following clichés: humans have sex with aliens as part of "diplomatic relations," aliens come to Earth in search of semen/life energy, two people have sex and THEN we find out one of them is an alien/vampire/android." (OK, wait—these are clichés?)

And, alas! It was time for our first exercise: write one paragraph describing a body part in an erotic way. Mmm . . . Okay. I

couldn't think of anything to write so I just described lips (yes, the ones on the mouth, you perverts). And the other responses weren't that bad. I was expecting all those four letter words and stuff, but it was really romantic and sweet. Cecilia wrote about a woman's inner thighs and how she would catch glimpses of them while she played soccer and want to kiss them. Another guy wrote that "teeth are the most destructive part of your face. I am scared." Stuff like that. No one was really daring, yet. Yet.

The next exercise was to write a letter to another person and make an "offer they can't refuse." A seductive letter to anyone. So, I wrote to George Castanza because I've always loved that man. I couldn't get past the line of "Do you wanna, um, I don't know, go out for coffee sometime?" Others, well, they attempted a more erotic route filled with that C-U-Next-Tuesday-word and something about biting and licking. And God help me . . . I laughed. Thankfully it didn't turn into the "I-can't-stop-laughing-because-someone-in-my-class-just-farted" laugh, as we all remember caused Jessica to leave class in the beginning of the year. But it was pretty damn close, because as I was holding it back, they KEPT ON READING. Besides my friends were embarrassed for me enough already, so



I tried to pass it off as "No, no . . . I'm only sneezing . . ." which totally made me look even more like an idiot. What made it easier is the fact that Cecilia Tan wrote to Hillary Clinton. She made a proposition that would "loosen her up" and "get back at Bill." I was able to laugh at this one because everyone else did. And just when I thought it was safe . . . I laughed at the part about Hillary on the phone with the Red Cross while Cecilia had her (and I quote) "tongue firmly planted in the rose garden." Of course, no one else laughed so Jessica was just reeling in the popularity points. From then on, before each piece was read, the audience made sure to say "No Disclaimers" beforehand. I knew they were just talking to me, but I tried not to care.

After a couple more exercises (which I did pretty good in), Cecilia read us some of her work. The first one was about a woman masturbating on a boat (or something like that). Now, I don't care about this. It was beautifully descriptive, so much that it took the dirtiness away from it. I appreciated this. She is a *good* writer. The next one sort of left me on a sour note as it contained two lesbians and (get ready for this) a magic marker, candle, keilbasa, pinking shears, fake rubber dog bone, sandpaper, and (my favorite and yours) a potato. But, hey . . . whatever gets you off, I guess.

We got out just in time to get some nachos at the All-Community Dinner. They had some good music playing and it was really nice. But I have to admit my favorite part of the dinner was watching Greg Prince knock over some lemonade on the floor and keep on walking. I laughed and pointed for you all. And, in the end, it turned out to be just another typical Hampshire night.

The Meaning of She

by Michael "Benni" Pierce

She is sex.
 She is the alternative to Viagra.
 She is intoxicating.
 She is all natural, 100% pure.
 She is a beauty, possessing the form of a goddess, the mind of a scholar, and the will to do whatever she wants to.
She is Queen's "Killer Queen" and the 1970's Wonder Woman.
 She is honey roasted.
 She is a fallen angel with sore feet from walking through the minds of all who see her.
 She is a lover and a poet, a sinner and a saint.
 She is born to be wild.
 She steals hearts and gives guidance to lost souls.
 She is made of sugar and spice and everything nice.
 She loses no time in getting what she wants and wants everything that she can handle.
 She is the only true reason for writing poetry.
 She is never satisfied.
 She possesses the charm that every bowl of Lucky Charms seems to lack.
 She is an answer for some, a solution for others, and a hallucinatory fantasy for all.
 She has good-sized breasts, supple to the touch, but too much to put in your mouth at once.
 She is as strong as a female ox.
 She will keep you up all night long.
 She knows your every craving, your every thought, and when she stares into your eyes, you know that she can see straight into your soul.
 She knows the meaning of, "Good Lovin'."
 And best of all, she is a human being. Along with all of the graces and virtues listed here, she is filled with the same flaws and problems that plague the rest of us. But it is nothing to be ashamed of. We are all human beings. We all make mistakes. However, we can look beyond these faults and see, for the first time, reasons to compliment each other instead of condemning each other.
 She is all of these things and much more.
 She has a name, and this name is Keely Flynn.
 (PS - She has naked pictures of herself that she would be willing to sell to anybody who gives her five dollars.)

Trendy Spring Fads in Hell

by Mark Samuels

The vernal equinox crept up on this campus like an ingratiating navy recruiter, and with it the new spring trends. You're welcome.

WHAT'S OUT

- Rock
- Hammer Time
- Surge!
- Staying and cuddling
- Recreational film-going
- Azerbaijan
- Community service, social mobility
- Chancellor von Mettemich, scourge of the Hapsburgs
- Libertarians
- Naturalist awe, transcendentalism
- Broken Aiwa three-disc changers
- Lemon hibiscus tea leaves, wool
- T&A, S&M
- Heroin
- Empathizing with starving minorities
- Pi
- Nostalgia for popular eras
- **Catheters**
- Scurvy
- Boba-Fett
- Date rape
- D&DGamers
- Spermicidal lubricants
- The dilly
- Rationalism
- Second marriages, *Precious Moments* figurines, UFO's
- The Internet web
- Going to third base in one night
- Jazzercise & tap
- Stealing lunch money
- Empathizing with amputees, land-mine victims
- Your gay older brother
- Freaky 'beard guy' on the bus
- Truth is Beauty, Beauty Truth
- Having strange feelings about other boys on the hockey team, not telling anyone
- JobCore rap jingles, 'mopportunities,' suicide
- Deciding between His Will and rationalist truth
- Cynicism, pointing out the faults of others, What's Hot / What's Not lists

WHAT'S IN

Scissors
Pacific Standard
Tab
Getting up to urinate, sneaking out door.
Erudite cinematic discourse, postmodern critique, suicide
Uzbekistan
Whippets, Sega, infomercials and loneliness
Gladstone's Whig pluralism
Echidnas
Jeep Cherokee Gold, North Face, callousness
Cheap ham radio, bashing head against wall
Burnt pot-roast, black eyes
Minding your P's & Q's
Ether
Bombing the shit out of white socialists
Cosine, tangent
Desperately technophilic worship of mythical future
Cat theaters
Rickets
Wedge and his Yonical upper palate
Larceny, mail fraud
34-year-old virgins maintaining a website from their parents' basement.
Painful chaffing
The 411
Pagan gods of fire and wrath
Third marriages, QVC
Electro-modulated celluloid talkies at the local nickelodeon
Back-rubs, awkward pre-ejaculation
Vicious reps of lat-blasters, crunches, fondling other men, pullups
Vandalizing those signs on automatic hand dryers
Surrounding self with lithe, attractive hardbodies
Your universal understanding of Tibetans and their plight
That weird library smell
Wasting your life as a 19th century poet
Laughing insecurely at gay-bashing humor, vociferous masturbation
Gangsta rap, rebellion, lethargy
Deciding between Radiohead and David Bowie, post-cannabinoid
Brutal self-assessment

No Editing, No Changes, Fuck You

White Trash SATURDAY

by Mark "Who's Your Daddy?" Hugo
ear "Peter Kowalke,"

First of all, Peter Kowalke, you don't know the goddamned truth, or any "truth" for that matter. If I were a libelous man, I would say something like, "Professionally speaking, you are a fucking moron." Instead, I will tell you this: it is not that you are stupid, it is that you are ignorant and gravely misinformed. As a transfer student, (where did you come from, Mars?) you did miss something. That something is called a CLUE. I'm not above sympathy, however. Again, if I were a libelous man, you might hear me say, "I realize that after spending so much time with your pointy little head up your ass, admitting that pristine, innocent and well-meaning soul, you've missed the point of the *Omen* and the *Forward* all together. The *Omen* is not some art-fag, prissy, news-oriented, progressive (did I say art-fag already?) magazine. We are the campus HATE paper. (Did you read Mr. Stuckwisch's article? Are you listening? My lips are moving and sound SHOULD be coming out.) Listen closely, Peter, I'm only going to say this once. Then I'm going to beat it into you with my wompump stuck. This is where you are wrong: 1. The *Omen* was never "against the administration." It is not a purely political paper. It is sub-

mission-based. Therefore, it is what is submitted. 2. FYI: Before we made fun of the *Forward*, we ranked on the *Phoenix*. They were much cooler, they had a purchase order at R&P Liquors. This is before Prince and his AA cronies tried to make Hampshire a "dry" campus. 3. Gus used to be part of the *Forward*, that's why her articles seem to be socially pertinent. Her articles and Travis Dale's (*Fifth Explained*) are anomalies of the *Omen*, not the rule. There are no rules. 4. We don't need a cappuccino machine. Anybody who disagrees can go home, rehire their old nurse, and bring back mommy's maids to suck my dick. 5. The *Omen* will print anything. If it's not printed, it's not submitted. That's not our fault. And we don't, and never will, edit for content. But I hear that saved your ass on one occasion... 6. Literary material. Ever heard of *The Reckoning* or *Polylingus*? We don't need any more literary magazines. 7. We will never be a haven for artists. Ever. And if you make fun of Jacob Chabot's work (even ever so subtly) I will beat you until you bleed out every orifice in your body. This is not a threat. It is only a friendly warning. I am officially mentally unstable. I have the proof. 8. There is no place in the

Hampshire community for A sucky publication.

9. If you haven't heard the news, Dr. Bob is dead (figuratively speaking).

10. Finally, The *Omen* will never team up with the *Forward* (even if a few key editors and writers should work for you, Peter, and not us (they are the childish ones and do not represent the true and decent staff at the *Omen*)).

On a lighter note, I would like to challenge you to a Bacon-A-Thon. It would be a community event. (I'm not sure who is going to sponsor it at the moment, maybe the *Omen*, maybe not.) In which you and I would eat nothing but bacon for one week and three days. Every day we will eat at least one pound of bacon (half a pound for lunch and half a pound for dinner.) along with our favorite juice (one juice, I pick cranberry.) Cigarettes, water, and whiskey/bourbon are optional and legal. Nothing, I say nothing, else will be consumed for those ten days. If you are truly a man, you will call me at x4438 and we can work out the logistics.

On, On, Mon Frere. on on.

Sincerely,

Mark "Who's Your Daddy?" Hugo

Mark "Who's your're daddy?" Hugo

I Don't Take Shit from Anyone

by Gus Andrews

I thought over a couple of topics for this week's article. The most obvious topic, of course, would be a response to Peter Kowalke's Final-Solution-in-a-cheery-candy-shell from the last issue, seeing as he directly addressed me in it twice. (Why I don't know. I'm not the editor of this shitrag. The only public comment I've made recently about Peter is that he looks like Nixon, which is clearly a statement of fact.)

But I don't need to take a page to tear down Peter's argument, like Dave Killen and Mark Hugo seem to. Peter has been at Hampshire less than a year. He has no idea what he's talking about when it comes to the history of the *Omen* and the *Forward* (go to the archives if you want to get wise, ya punk-ass bitches.) Peter's desire to make it an art magazine notwithstanding, **the Omen was founded as an outlet for unpopular opinions on campus** — among others: libertarian/conservative views; sexism, racism, and other hate speech; celebrations of meat products; and All Things Offensive. I have said before that the presence of this kind of material makes the *Omen* into an exclusive showcase for these views, but in truth, every submission is welcome and plenty of other useful stuff gets printed here: the pieces on Native American rights, race at Hampshire, Ficcom, and national politics in the last issue, or the months-long dialog on feminism in last year's *Omen*.

Peter isn't putting his money where his mouth is when it comes to writing about problems with the college; he wants to create another mouthpiece for the campus' million whiny-ass poets; and for god's sake, people, he capi-

talizes cuss words. Capisce? Done. Feecees good. Beatniks!

A less obvious topic for this week was commentary on an essay about a local professor which appeared in *Salon Magazine* recently. (www.salonmagazine.com/it/, look for "To Sir, With Love.") I started writing that, then realized I could sum up what I had to say in a few sentences.

First, any professor who finds it appropriate to tear students to shreds after asking them to hand over the most sensitive truths about their lives and others', should be stripped naked and laughed at come reappointment time, if not fired.

Second, I take comfort in the poetic justice of someone getting an article published about this man. When those of us who worked with this professor finally get to tell the story of our time with him, he looks like the sad, ruined old creature he is. (Sorry I'm being cryptic. Just go read the essay.)

But that's all I had to say about those particular topics. So instead, I will provide you with a report on my spring break, which I hope will at least make you giggle before you rag on it to your friends at Saga. (Except Peter, who won't giggle because he's a humorless Nixon-head, nanny nanny boo boo. It's college journalism. Get over yourself.)

MY SPRING BREAK

by Gus Andrews

This spring brake I went to New York city I did not go with my mom or dad i went With my freinds. Newyork City sucks it is the dirtiest, ugliest, yuckiest jo-jeezly city in the yoonerverse. I would rather be throne in that really bad pit of Dante's Inferno you know, the one with the hippopotamusses. I hate those lyn

cheatin hippopotamusses.

New York is a pit to which I am unfortunately damned, as someone who wants to work with the printed word. This is my biggest problem with New York. I am not afraid of muggers anymore, because there are people up and going to and from work at all hours. So the city feels safer than Northampton at night.

My problem is how god-awful incredibly much power is amassed in New York. Just about every major media company has its headquarters there, not to mention banks, business, and the U.N. It bothers me that because New York has a lock on my market, I may be forced to live and work there someday.

Every time I'm in New York and I mention how much I hate it, I get an earful of shit for being from Los Angeles. I get lectured about how racist LA is, how it sucks up more than its share of federal funds and natural resources, how everyone there is into healing crystals and high colonics and doesn't know jack about classy things like literature. (The last claim is thoroughly untrue. Los Angeles is just another place to live, not some ungodly freakshow. We have our own everyday culture; everybody just ignores it in favor of demonizing us as the dark cultureless legions of Hollywood.)

No such criticism is ever leveled at New York, which has sooooo much going for it. Like hot dog carts. Yessiree, we know that New York will be spared God's wrath, come the endtime, because it has the nostalgia-inducing power of hot dog carts. That, and *Seinfeld*.

I just don't get it. New York is unbelievably repulsive. You'd be hard-

Slap-Ass Happy Antics

by Brady Burroughs

Say what you will about intelligent lyrics, art, integrity, deep meaning etc. but I like someone who will put on a show. I don't mean show in the Pink Floyd "lets stand here while the laser and film takes care of the rest" sense. I mean in the "I'm about to destroy my environment" sense. I like stage antics. I like antics, and I like image. A band with a cool thing about them blows away (live anyway) musical ability. For example: over break I saw a local band called Bang!. They describe themselves as "slap-ass happy pop." Musically, they're alright; performance wise, they are incredible. The singer basically climbed on top of and tossed around the interior of the arts cafe and harassed various audience members ... did I mention he was dressed in a smoking jacket and red lipstick?

pressed to find a square inch of surface which is not covered in sticky black smeg. The subway's the worst — it's got urine, vomit, fecal matter, all that stuff which makes New York New York. Trees and other living things, including people, don't matter in the grand scheme of the city. Anything that tries to grow has been plastered over or stomped out. (Don't talk to me about Central Park. We'll continue this discussion when that measly fenced-in patch of astroturf sprouts half the trees Los Angeles has.)

Not only that, but the city is just plain depressing. Generations upon ages of immigrants have sweated, suffered, and scraped their way through that city, and still come up with nothing but a faceful of "No _____ Need Apply" posters, visible or implied. Walking around you feel like you're one of them, among those old-style tenements which eventually got banned because ventilation was so bad that people just smothered.

It seems like nobody notices the ingrained feeling of old-school rac-

ism which pervades New York. Or if they do, they're hell bent on proving that New York's racism is bigger and better than anyone else's. Over spring break, conversation took a weird turn at one point as my friend Stephan and his mom, who live in Queens, got excited trying to one-up me on how much more evil the NYPD is than the LAPD. (Gee, I guess I can't really claim to be an enraged progressive. My police force only churns out humdrum Rodney King cases, while their fine young men in blue produce Abner Louimas.)

Everybody thinks New York is God's pearly heavenly dis-

cotheque, sent to redeem us of our sins of small-town tackiness. The worst suck-ups are kids from New Jersey and Connecticut, who invariably seem to consider themselves the anointed heirs of all things New York, from Greenwich Village to the New Yorker, if they even make it up there on the odd weekend.

Even the buildings themselves have this kind of attitude. We're the shit,

Sure it's old hat, but it is fucking fun. When I start a band, I try first to come up with something neat about us. Fuck the songs, we'll deal with that part later. Let's face it, having a good stage presence will get you remembered when you're too broke to make a record -- develop that first. **Fuck these fancy-schmancy chords, and "catchy" lyrics and melodies, learn how to dominate people—MAKE them like you!** Oh, sure, not a very interesting article perhaps ... just something that I felt needed to be said after engaging in and listening to some conversations about music and artistic development and other over-rated concepts. NOW KILL!

they say, blocking out the sun. We're bigger than you. In fact, we're bigger than God. Don't get me wrong. I like feeling small. The plains of Montana are great; the sky is so huge there that it feels like it will crush you. I just think it's wrong to use architecture to make people feel small and nature look puny.

How about a little biodiversity, here? What happens when New York gets wiped out by disease or some kind of bombing? It's just pigheaded and greedy to want to have everything concentrated in one big ugly city.

Spread some of that good theater and ethnic food and night life around to cities which deserve it, like San Diego, or Charlottesville, VA, or DC, or Austin, TX, or Minneapolis or something, won't you? I don't want to live in New York. It's all crusty with the unhappiness of a few billion people, their ethnic divisions, their hubris, and their failings.

I hate New York in Juuuuue, how about yoooOOOOuuuu ...



by Aemily dara Reshen

Do you want to know the REAL reason why Hampshire College has a one-in-three dropout rate? It is because of the retarded actions of Public Safety. No, I'm not bitching about how they confiscate your precious collection of pot plants or your stinkin' dogs (who are probably happier at the pound anyway.) I'm talking about the fact that the Public Safety officers think that they need to act like that scary cop from Terminator 2. I mean, is it really necessary to pull me over by the library, whip out a picture of Edward Furlong and ask me "have you seen this boy"? Perhaps if we didn't get pulled over so frequently, we would have more time for academic studies. Then maybe I would have passed that Coognitive Science Fiction class (oh, wait ... I stopped going because of the scary, pretentious trekker ... nevermind).

And how come you never see those freaking buses with the crappy UMASS drivers getting pulled over? If I had a joint for every time that one of those fuckers has almost hit me, I could keep all the hippies on this campus mellow for the rest of their lives. If these blind, drunk, and psychotic bus drivers don't get pulled over, then how come INNOCENT students get pulled over for going that big, whopping 30 miles per hour? Let's face it — America just isn't America any longer if you can't participate in some good ol' fashioned speeding. In fact, I feel that it is necessary for me to speed so

that those EVIL buses don't run me over, since they love to tailgate. Really, I only speed for safety reasons.

I just realized that I forgot to mention the original reason that made me want to write this disjointed article — parking. We have some fucked-up parking on this campus. For those of you who are pathetic, car-less souls, let me explain the parking procedure to you. At the beginning of EVERY semester, you are forced to pay some ridiculous fee in the range of \$35 in order to be able to park on campus. (OK, so I really can't remember how much it is — but doesn't \$35 sound good??) Now, one would think that since you are paying money in order to be able to park, you would always be assured a parking space. **Nay, for Hampshire College is retarded and they believe in collecting money for things that they can't provide** (another good example in this category would be an education).

So it is often the case that I pull into the Prescott parking lot and be unable to find a space. Then I see that there are some parking spaces in the row marked Faculty/ Staff parking only. When faced with the dilemma of parking in these spaces or randomly on the patches of grass in the lot, I have always

chosen the parking spaces, since one is usually only supposed to park in PARKING SPACES, hence the name. But evidently, Public Safety and I were raised differently. While I was raised to understand that parking spaces were meant for cars, they were raised to understand that when in doubt, one should always park on the grass. I have proof of this. The other day I received two tickets (because evidently I didn't move my car fast enough - due to the fact that I was in my bed with a bad migraine - so it was necessary for them to give me five billion tickets.) I was extremely irked to find out that I had gotten these tickets for parking in the only space available to me, which happened to be in the Faculty/ Staff parking row. I also noticed that those students who had instead chosen to park on the grass did not have five billion tickets on their windshields.

What am I paying money for every semester? Am I paying money so that I will have nowhere to park and then end up getting fined for having nowhere to park?? Because, oh dearest Public Safety, I DO have to park SOMEWHERE since I, unfortunately, don't have one of those new-fangled cars that can be folded up and placed into one's back pocket. But I guess it's important to make sure that there is always enough money in that donut fund.

Oh, and by the way, Casey Nordell, where are my runes??

by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY



Parking Problems

GOOPUS + GALLANT AT COLLEGE

BY JEFF BARNETT



GOOPUS ALWAYS TAKES THE FIRST HIT.



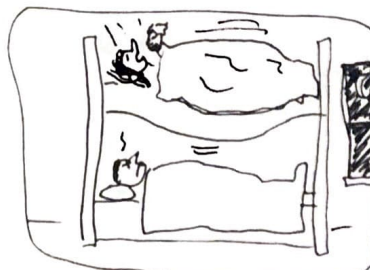
GALLANT PAKES THE BOLL FIRST - THEN OFFERS IT TO A FRIEND.



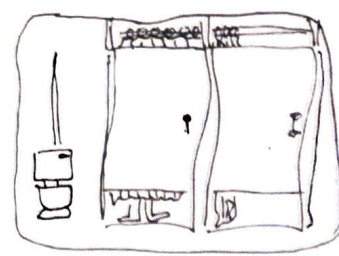
GOOPUS CUTS IN LINE FOR THE KEG AND BRINGS A PITCHER TO FILL UP.



GALLANT BRINGS \$3 AND WAITS PATIENTLY IN LINE



GOOPUS HAS LOUD SEX WHILE HIS ROOMMATE IS TRYING TO SLEEP.



GALLANT, ALTHOUGH MORE POLITE THAN GOOPUS, IS A LOSER, SO HE MASTURBATES IN THE SHOWER

Rick and Shurly's ⁱⁿ FEMME FATALES

Rick and Shurly's ⁱⁿ FEMME FATALES

Page 20 volume 12 number 5

99/16

CHAPTER TWELVE • THE CALM BEFORE

One's penny
a portal. One
big enough for
the whole
world to fit
through

IT LOOKS LIKE
A PORTAL.

THIS IS
FREAKY.

Once opened,
the planets will
collide, resulting
in the biggest
explosion since the
Big Bang.

LET'S
JUST GO.

The tremendous power needed to open a portal of this size will come from your two friends. They may already be dead.

SMARTS/

Be quiet.
In s way
Gru chly now

AAAAGH!
I HATE THESE
DAMN THINGS!
MY KNUCKLES ARE
ALL BUSTED UP!

IT DOESN'T MATTER.
IT'S ALREADY
TOO LATE

UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN
LIBRARY

Wine, 1941
EXP-115, 11
1941-1942

卷之五

[illegible]